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AND ON THE EIGHTH DAY...

AN INQUIRY INTO HUMAN CREATIVITY AND SPIRITUALITY

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Something remarkable is happening throughout the world. What a time to be pondering the future - at the very moment a new future is evolving. Huge forces are surfacing in China, the Soviet Union, Eastern Europe: forces so big and changes potentially so radical that no one even pretends to comprehend them, while the whole world looks on with anxiety and great hope.

One characteristic seems common to them all - the aspiration of the human spirit to be free: free to express itself and to experience the expression of others: free to vote but also free to sing and dance and read and laugh and love and pray, all of which constitute a particular way of defining our humanity.

A central dimension of Mikhail Gorbachev's cultural revolution - perestroika - may be characterized by a virtual explosion of activity in the arts and religion.

More than 200 experimental studio theaters have sprouted in Moscow...

* artistic exiles have been joyously welcomed home,

* you can buy Doctor Zhivago in a book store -

* and, advises Time Magazine, "Forget those quiet Moscow nights of song. There are not enough evenings in the month now to attend all the theater premiers, art exhibitions, poetry readings, film previews and cultural debates taking place in the Soviet capital."

Similarly, religion is suddenly flourishing. The 1,000th anniversary of the Russian Orthodox Church last year not only called the world's attention to the remarkable life of that venerable institution, it also seemed to generate public interest and an apparent new spirit of accommodation on the part of the Soviet state. Churches are growing and it's not only the babushka's who are attending. Baptisms, confirmations, seminary enrollments are up. The first school for Rabbis in 60 years opened recently and the Lithuanian Roman Catholic Church was granted its first full compliment of bishops in four decades.[1]

Among the many changes occurring so rapidly in the Soviet Union that you and I can barely keep up with them, the new freedom for the arts and for religion is perhaps the most remarkable and perhaps the most hopeful.

Why should it be different? In my Arts and Religion file, which interestingly is the fattest folder by far in my file cabinet, I found a clipping from the New York Times a few years ago. "Russian Arts Evolve on the Brink of Dissidence... New Plays Open in Basements, Jazz Echoes in Factory Halls..." The article which followed described an art exhibit in the dark basement of a Moscow coffee house. Many of the paintings were simply hung by string from steam pipes, their titles announced on

typewritten scraps of paper glued to the wall. It was the first public exhibition of the work of an artist whose paintings had been seen only secretly before. What made this art so dangerous? What was there about this art which led the state to regard its exhibition, its creation by the artist an act of political subversion? (Fools, it is said, rush in where angels fear to tread...but never having many characteristics anyone ever described as angelic, here goes.) What possible interest does the City Council have in what is displayed within the walls of the Art Institute? Why does any government care what people paint, look at, read or listen to? The news article about that secret exhibit in the Moscow coffee house described the work as "bold canvasses, austere sketches, bright graphics," hardly the stuff that might inspire reviewers to leave the gallery and go out and break the law or commit acts of high treason.

Those in any land, culture or period in history who would exercise absolute political control regard the free expression of artistic creativity as dangerous. With remarkable consistency, totalitarianism comes to the same conclusion about the free practice of religion.

Adolf Hitler loathed modern art, thought it decadent, tried to eliminate it, at the same time sponsoring an official art which romanticized and ornamented the values of the Third Reich. Of course Hitler was acting prudently, if you grant his assumptions which a free society cannot, of course. He remembered Spain, I suppose. At the time of the Spanish Revolution, Hitler threw in on Franco's side and used the exercise to practice the new concept of saturation bombing. The first target was Guernica, the town in which Pablo Picasso was born. In profound rage the artist painted "Guernica"; a brutally powerful picture which was immediately banned by the government for its eloquent protest. It is still

a powerful statement of protest against political oppression and for human dignity.

Dimitri Shostakovich, in a life-long uneasy truce with the state, was officially criticized in the 1930s for composing music which was described as "cheap, tuneless, vulgar, with bourgeois tendencies." But when his 6th Symphony was premiered in 1937 the audience responded with wild enthusiasm, standing and applauding for several hours. What was that about? On the nights I attend Chicago Symphony Orchestra concerts people can barely wait for the last note before literally streaking up the aisle and out of the hall, obviously on some mission of enormous consequence.

The Soviet critics attributed it to his return to socialist acceptability. Other analysts now think the audience heard something else, namely a piece of music which gathers up in its magnificent sonorities the motifs of human dignity, human aspiration and the unrelenting reach of the human spirit for freedom, or, if you will, salvation.

What is it about art that is regarded with such respect and suspicion and fear? Why do the arts which we, in the comfortable context of a free society, regard as a gentle, leisure-time interest, pose a threat to political control?

Dictators are threatened by art because art needs freedom and thrives in freedom, therefore celebrates freedom and inevitably will become an advocate for freedom. Art sees a deeper significance in ordinary humanity in a way that consistently reminds people of the transcendent. It just happens. Even when the artist doesn't mean it, it happens. Rembrandt's portraits of simple people are luminous, pointing to something important about each of them, something invisible, mystical, spiritual. Totalitarianism cannot stand that for long. Totalitarianism can grant no

truth, no reality, no authority which it does not define. And so it sees in the arts a very distinct threat to its philosophic foundation.

Totalitarianism comes to the same conclusion about the free expression of religion. If we had nothing else to do with one another, the simple fact is that we have been the objects of the dictator's suspicion down through history. Poets and playwrights, prophets and priests have often been in the jail together and only then sometimes have we begun to see a kind of mystical kinship which has, I propose, been around for a very long time and the existence of which in the future is a matter of importance for all of us.

Which brings me, finally, to my thesis. My title is And on the Eighth Day, an Inquiry into Human Creativity and Spirituality. As a matter of fact I shamelessly borrowed it. The allusion to the first chapter of Genesis has been used hundreds of times, I suppose... one time eloquently, I thought, by the late Nicolas (Nikolai) Berdyaev (1874-1948), a Russian theologian who said - "God made the world in seven days, and whenever a human being creates, it is the eighth day." Is this the time to deal with the matter on everyone's mind? What's a minister doing here? I wondered that too. There are, I told the very gracious representatives of the project, literally hundreds of scholars in this virtual Mecca of theological inquiry and artistic creativity who have spent decades thinking about these matters. I suggested that they go out to Hyde Park, walk down 57th Street, pick the first person over fifteen years of age and ask him or her.

They persisted. And I'm glad. I am very pleased to be here - and honored - and happy to have had the excuse to read and think and work on this project.

Someone described the sermons of a famous television pulpiteer in this unflattering way. "He tells them what he is going to tell them. Then he tells them. Then he tells them what he just told them."

My thesis - what I am going to tell you is this...

There is a long and honest and fundamental relationship between art and religion which suggests a deeper experiential relationship between creativity and spirituality. The relationship has been stretched, weakened and occasionally broken. A safe and secure future depends on its being re-established. We've been in jail together but there is more; much, much more.

Theodore Gill, Dean of the John Jay College of Criminal Justice in Manhattan, and before that a Seminary President, says that people in religion and the arts are "up to the same things. We are members of the same family of insight, expectation and ambition. We are siblings."[2]

In antiquity it is virtually impossible to tell us apart. Early art seems to have had religious or devotional intent. Early religion often used chant, dance, rhythm, symbol, gestures.

Later, when history begins to be written and artifacts are left for us to touch and see and read and wonder at, something like a marriage between art and religion occurs. In Greece it was under the rubric of the holy and the beautiful or what the Judeo/Christian tradition has always called the beauty of holiness. "Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness," the old hymn says and what a provocative suggestion - holiness is beautiful!

The earliest Greek minstrels were thought to be mouthpieces of the gods, Greek architecture owed much of its origin to the need for temples. But the brightest achievement of Greek art and religion was the

drama. Yale scholar, Jaroslav Pelikan, observes that "in its drama rather than its philosophy the Greek mind came to grips with the deepest and bitterest realities of human existence. Greek tragedy embodied the best that Greece was able to discover about the paradox of human life in relation to the ultimate under which it lived."

Pelikan cites the choruses of Sophocles, passages of "moving religious content" in which are "described the sense of defeat and frustration epitomized by Oedipus as the law of existence: that the very devices by which I would seek to escape my destiny have become tools in its hands for the realizations of my inexorable destiny."[3]

Even though the Christian theologians looked to Greek philosophy for an intellectual foundation, the Greeks themselves seemed to prefer the poet...the bard...the playwright..to be steward of the mysteries of life.

The shapers of Hebrew religion in the meantime had theological reservations about the artistic portrayal of deity, but their prophets were in fact matchless poets, and they wrote and sang songs about their struggle for freedom and identity and justice and they worshipped their God with a wonderful symphony of harps and lutes and trumpets and cymbals. And when their King had no words big enough to contain his exultation, he "danced before the Lord."

In that period of Western history designated as medieval a growing mysticism kept alive the relationship between the holy and the beautiful and sometimes, Professor Pelikan observes, it was in opposition to a religion on its way to becoming intellectual, and cerebral at the expense of the sensual, embodied religion of the ancients.

Centuries later the Romantics remembered that older wisdom and said again that within the aesthetic the deepest human yearnings found

expression. Both art and religion acknowledge a mystery not accessible to the human intellect. The Romantics were excessive, of course. It was their nature and they made the theologians nervous by suggesting that flowers, poetry and music are extensions of God's creativity and that humans participate in the divine creativity when they learn to appreciate the gentle beauty of the arts. Holiness was not only beautiful. The Romantics seemed to be saying that beauty was holy!

In the Enlightenment, the guiding motif had been symmetry: the balance and precision of art would reflect the symmetry of the universe and of God. The minuet and gavotte exemplified the graceful balance of the universe and the musician who expressed it most eloquently was J. S. Bach. Freedom within form. Praise within discipline. Beauty in structure.

The history itself makes for fascinating inquiry. But the point of this is the future and so we must push on. A break came: the siblings parted ways. Today, tragically on occasion, art and religion seem at times to be antithetical, rivals even. People who have given up on institutional religion find transcendence in the arts religion either sponsored or one-time inspired. People who wouldn't think of engaging in an act of corporate, intentional worship, will weep during Bach's St. Matthew Passion.

"Picasso once chastened Matisse for designing and decorating a chapel. Both men were professed atheists. Matisse retorted, "Yes, I do pray: and you pray too, and you know it all too well: when everything goes badly, we throw ourselves into prayer... And you do it too; you too. It's no good saying no."[4]

What happened? Why the break? Well for one thing there was a revolution in the 16th Century. It affected all of life but its focal

point was religion. The Reformation set out to re-think the going theology and then to recast the religious structures. And as is the case with revolutions, things occasionally got out of hand. In the interests of affirming the intellectual respectability of faith the reformers reworked the literature and liturgy and put it in common language. The zealots took it from there - broke the stained glass windows so people could read, ripped out the statues and ornate stone screens so people could have access to the altar. It is said that in Zurich, Huldrich Zwingli supervised the white-washing of the cathedral walls. We have always been nervous, you see, that people would confuse the reality the art was representing with the art itself. We call it idolatry and the zealous Protestants thought the way to guard against it was to rid religion of art.

What we got, of course, was not less idolatry but bad art, sentimentality, kitsch, Christ as blue-eyed Anglo-Saxon, with trim beard and straight teeth, syrupy hymnody, sticky rhetoric...what C. S. Lewis once called "ugly music, ugly architecture and bad poetry." At which point the artists, once our relatives and allies, stopped taking us seriously.

There is a serious religious critique of the excesses of Romanticism, however. All theology recognizes the power of art and therefore the danger of distortion - or what religionists have called idolatry. Wagner believed that music was capable of dealing with the most profound realities of human existence, reached into German folklore for stories with which to frame it and - no fault of his - gave Adolf Hitler an aesthetic which could be accommodated to Fascism.

Nietzsche, perhaps more than any, knew the dilemma. In The Birth of Tragedy (What a shame that you're 19 when you have to read that!) he argues that the two alternate streams of consciousness within Greek

culture, Apollo - the rational and orderly, and the Dionysian - the vital, intoxicated passion of the artist, are out of sync.

Nineteenth century German philosophy was too rational, too out of touch with the sensual, imagination, the aesthetic. We need more Dionysius, less Apollo. The Birth of Tragedy from the Spirit of Music is dedicated to Wagner who Nietzsche said taught him "that art is the highest task and the proper metaphysical activity of this life."

Nietzsche is not usually cited as a friend of religion. He loved Wagner but detested the sentimentality of the Romantics. He particularly disliked Christianity for its celebration of self-denial, submissiveness and negation. The ethical model for Nietzsche was the Superman - a break-through to a new evolutionary level of humanity, free from the bonds that shackled European thought ever since the dominance of Christianity. "God was dead" Nietzsche declared - long before it was fashionable. Superman must kill God and all the paraphernalia of traditional values in order to survive, even - and finally - art.

Nietzsche died insane, but the scholarly community knows that he took the claims of religion more seriously than many of its advocates and believers; and that he understood profoundly the connection between spirituality and creativity, the holy and the demonic, ecstasy and tragedy.

The similarities, in spite of the tragic distancing between art and religion, are profound.

Some familiar voices give testimony:

In Isak Dinesan's story, The Cardinal's First Tale, a man lives out his life uncertain whether his true vocation is to be an artist or priest and comes to the conclusion that there is not so much difference between the two... One of the things they have in common is that "each is

placed, in his life on earth, with his back to God and his face to man." [5]

Charles Ives whose strong music often surprises us by evolving into or out of a hymn form once said, "I think there must be a place in the soul all made of tunes."

Could one achieve any more credibility or regional orthodoxy than with a reference to Louis Sullivan? He designed a few religious buildings, was frustrated by the experience,... But about the enterprise he wrote:

The structure must "stand for the actual, first-hand experiences of the one who made it, and must represent...not only...physical nature but more especially the outworking of that Great Spirit which makes nature so intelligible to us that it ceases to be a phantasm, a sweet, a superb, a convincing Reality..."

The only way to enhance credibility here might be to call in Frank Lloyd Wright, Sullivan's student, which I will now do. Wright said Sullivan was "baying at the moon" when he talked like that...that the artist stands alone and needs no model other than a set of building blocks.

And yet he gave his fellow members at Unity Temple in Oak Park "what many regard to be his most complete and satisfying work of art."

His son John said that Wright "was convinced that a Source existed which, by its very nature, produced ideas in the mind that could be reproduced in the world."[6]

John Updike is a writer who goes to church - or a believer who writes books. In his recent memoir, Self-Consciousness, very near the end he declares:

"Imitation is praise. Description expresses love... I have felt free to describe life as accurately as I could... What small faith I have has given me what artistic courage I have. My theory was that God already

knows everything and cannot be shocked. And only truth is useful. Only truth can be built upon. From a higher, inhuman point of view, only truth, however harsh, is holy."[7]

And one of the more popular writers of modern spirituality, Henri Nouwen,

"There are many times when I cannot pray, when I am too tired to read the Gospels, too restless to have spiritual thoughts, too depressed to find words for God, or too exhausted to do anything. But I can still look at these images (icons) so intimately connected with the experience of love."[8]

Now - shall we go in a little further and inquire about the nature of creativity and spirituality? My experience is that it is increasingly difficult to keep the two categories of human experience distinct and apart: that it becomes increasingly easy to move from one to the other almost as if they were synonymous.

Rollo May, distinguished scholar, author, therapist, set out in 1931 as a young man, to pursue the enigma of human creativity. He has written about it in a lovely book which also contains reproductions of his own sketches and paintings, titled My Quest for Beauty. Traveling through the Tyrol he observes that "the Human species... seems unable to repress the desire to adorn clothes with every color of the spectrum... and to plant flowers so thick in front of their houses that you cannot walk between them."[9]

Later May would return to this theme in another book..., The Courage to Create, "Is it not the distinguishing characteristic of the human being that in the hot race of evolution he pauses for a moment to paint on the cave walls at Lascaux or Altamira those brown and red deer and

bison which still fill us with amazed admiration and awe."[10]

May argues that this trait, this urge to create, this awareness of and striving for beauty is what makes us human and puts us in touch with the transcendent, the holy - what some of us call God.

What is it exactly...? Carl Jung in his analysis of unconscious and conscious suggested that creativity is a breaking through of the unconscious not unlike a sudden moment of spiritual insight, a "revelation" to use religious language. May suggests that it is a product of the tension between chaos and order - that creativity looks at chaos, and organizes it. He writes "The capacity to create, which we all have, though in many varying degrees, is essentially the ability to find form in chaos, to create form where there is only formlessness."[11]

That is what the Judeo/Christian Creation Story says about the Creator: form out of chaos. "In the beginning...the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the Spirit of God was moving over the face of the waters. And God said, 'Let there be light and there was light.'"

To create, in this sense, is also to destroy - here to destroy chaos, to break with the given, the known, the traditional and to make something altogether new. It requires some tolerance for the chaos as the starting point for creativity, and it requires courage. It's also nice, if your desk is in a state of chaos to remind yourself or any snide critic - that chaos always precedes the moment of creativity - that form follows formlessness.

Describing his art, John Updike explains that since he has stopped using tobacco, alcohol, salt and caffeine, writing is his sole remaining vice. "It is an addiction, an illusory release, a presumptuous

taming of reality," and then playing, I presume, with Mila Kundera's enigmatic title, "a way of expressing lightly the unbearable."[12]

Rollo May and others propose that the moment of artistic vision and the moment of religious revelation are either very similar, or radically stated, one and the same.

"Creativity is an emulating of God in that we destroy the cosmos and then build it up again." [13] May wrote - and...

"the experience may have a religious quality with artists. This is why many artists feel that something holy is going on when they paint, that there is something in the act of creating which is like a religious revelation."[14]

He is not alone in that notion. Wordsworth, for instance, celebrated:

"A presence that disturbs me with joy.
Of elevated thoughts: a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky..."

2,500 years ago a Hebrew poet wrote:

"One thing have I asked of the Lord,
that will I seek after:
That I may dwell in the house of the Lord
all the days of my life,
to behold the beauty of the Lord..."
[Psalm 27:4]

The ancient Psalmist... "the beauty of the Lord..." What a lively

notion, that among the traits of the deity accessible to human perception is beauty. Holiness we think we understand: love, forgiveness, judgment, power, all these categories are familiar - but beauty...intriguing, I think.

In his Quest for it, Professor May writes:

"Beauty is the experience that gives us a sense of joy and a sense of peace simultaneously. Other happenings give us joy and afterwards a peace, but in beauty these are the same experience. Beauty is serene and at the same time exhilarating: it increases one's sense of being alive. Beauty gives us not only a feeling of wonder: it imparts to us at the same moment a timelessness, a repose - which is why we speak of beauty as being eternal."[15]

If you substitute God for beauty in that paragraph you would have a pretty good definition of spirituality, it seems to me.

God, the religionists of history maintain, may be apprehended, at least in part, as creator. Indeed, at its best the Judeo/Christian tradition has maintained that creation, because it is God's, is essentially good. We have had to struggle with that a bit. The Greeks weren't at all sure that the created order was good. In fact there have been times when we have seemed to believe that creation was a big mistake, that God must have been distracted when human beings were given bodies, senses, appetites and passion. But at heart, at our best, we have affirmed the goodness of creation.

A witty Episcopalian, Robert Farrar Capon, puts it this way:

"Man should not be viewed as a lonely sketch of God tucked into a book of meaningless scribbles. Rather he should be seen as the best self-portrait in a whole exhibition of portraits. Everything in the world looks

like God, to one degree or another."[16]

Beyond the internal correspondence between holiness and beauty, religion and art, there is, it seems to me, a remarkable similarity between creative people and spiritually sensitive people. They act a lot alike. They look alike on the stage of history. You could confuse one for the other.

For one thing, they don't seem to fit. The artist as rebel is almost a cliche but it is, in part, true. To be creative is to live with at least a bit of "dis-ease" with convention.

"Do not go gentle into that good night," Dylan Thomas advised, regarding our common and conventional accommodation with death.

"Rage, rage against the dimming of the light."

Both deeply religious people and creatively artistic people have difficulty fitting into accepted cultural expectations, behaviors and attitudes. Both, for instance, are not quite as hostile to chaos; both see its potential, both on occasion may even nurture it, celebrate it and God forbid, create it. The life of Jesus is a good example. He parted dramatically from convention by associating with the wrong people, eating the wrong foods at the wrong time, by talking with women, and on one glorious occasion by allowing and then appreciating an artistic gesture of generous excess... a woman broke open a bottle of very expensive perfume and poured it over his feet - simply for the love of it.

Both artist and religionist, because the cultural fit is not easy, are occasionally regarded as neurotic, or at least peculiar.

And both artists and religionists serve a vital function as critics of culture. The best of them do not live outside the culture as eccentrics or hermits, although that style does commend itself to both

types with some regularity. Rather, the best of both live thoroughly in the world without giving their heart to it: "in, but not of the world" is the way the Bible puts it.

And, with remarkable consistency both creativity and spirituality depend on the same kinds of disciplines... listening for instance,... waiting in anticipation.

Archibald MacLeish, when asked about how he went about his craft quoted a Chinese poet... "We poets struggle with non-being to force it to yield Being. We knock upon silence for an answering music."[17]

Monet looks at haystacks a thousand times and each time sees something new and different. An artist, says Professor May, waits with full attention, not passively, but nimble, intense waiting,[18] like that magnificent waiting Greg Louganis did at the end of the diving board in the Olympic finals, waiting, waiting, until the right moment and then responding almost, it seemed to me, to something which called that perfect dive out of him.

That sounds like spiritual meditation to me. It sounds like what the spiritually sensitive call prayer... being quiet, useless in the presence of God.

Is it pushing the comparison to suggest that waiting in expectation for inspiration is like praying and that the experience of creative break-through is like revelation, and that the act of painting, or playing music, or writing a clean line, giving yourself utterly to an endeavor, or loving someone wholly, is like participating in the creation of the world? I think not...

It was theologian Berdyaev, from whom I borrowed my title, who said: "Most artists are aware that during the deepest moments of that

creation they are out on the other side of themselves, and are so free from time, with the same joyousness that comes in moments of prayer."[19]

Spirituality and creativity: both are an openness to mystery, an active waiting and listening, a leaning out into time and space and transcendence. We are never more human, I would propose, than when we do that...never more human than when we acknowledge the "greater than us," the truth and goodness and reality which exist beyond our own capacities, skills and gifts.

We are never more hopeful, that is to say, than when either creativity or spirituality reside in us, and by now you must know that I no longer believe there is much difference between them. And that is what all of this has to do with the future.

I read a remarkable paper recently with an intimidating and unlikely title, A Survey of World Trends Shaping the Future Business Environment...prepared by the special assistant to the Deputy Secretary of Commerce, U. S. Department of Commerce...William VanDusen Wishard. When I finished I wondered if Mr. Wishard's supervisor had read his essay. It contained data about the fantastic changes occurring in our world - demographics, economics, technology, communication. Some of it was very encouraging. More of it was frightening. All of it was fascinating...the modernization of China, the increase of terrorism, the end of the age of print communication, population shifts and explosions, environmental crises and new worlds emerging in bio-technology, genetics, fiber optics, lasers...and always weapons...

And then, on the next to last page, the remarkable observation:

"The central struggle for the future is for the individual - for every person on earth to know who we are and why we are here - integrated

with every part of ourselves and at home with people from every part of the world."

We have paid a very dear price for the material benefits of Western civilization, says this essayist: "... in the past 100 years we have alienated ourselves from the deepest roots of our own inner being... We have created people who can absorb massive amounts of data, who can manage complex mechanical and bureaucratic systems, but who are unable to provide a depth of meaning that links the individual to some larger significance beyond material gain, technical achievement, or personal advancement."

We seem to have arrived at a point in time when the most critical issues facing us and our future are issues about which science and technology and economics - have little to say... They are issues of how we shall live on this planet and with one another.[20]

And for those issues creativity and spirituality become saving possibilities.

We'll have to learn to slow down.

We'll have to learn to find value in human enterprise which does use up the resources of our planet.

We'll have to learn to produce less stress and less toxic waste.

We'll have to learn to love one another.

And, with all "those things" as Lewis Thomas calls our nuclear arsenals, pointed at each other, we we will have to be more creative than anyone in all of history in order to pull it off.

My own faith position - my own hope - is based on my sense that there is something almost primal in us that is creative; that there is a place in our souls full of music, that we are unable not to ornament our clothing and draw pictures on the cave wall with the blunt end of a stick

or on our memo pad with a Cross Pen, that there is dance in us and a responsiveness to rhythms which have their source somewhere beyond the boundaries of our own rational selves or life experience. We are creative, that is to say... because - and here I preach - because we are part of creation...part of that astonishing process sometimes characterized as the unfolding of God, and never more eloquently posed than by William Blake... and with his mystical puzzle I conclude...

"Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

When the stars threw down their spears
And watered heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his works to see?
Did he who made the lamb make thee?"[21]

NOTES

[1]"Tambov: Perestroika in the Provinces," TIME Magazine, April 10, 1989, p. 86.

[2]Theodore A. Gill, Sibling Rivalry, a lecture at Nassau Presbyterian Church, Princeton, NJ, 1981.

[3]Jaroslav Pelikan, Fools for Christ, Essays on the True, the Good and the Beautiful, (Philadelphia: Muhlenberg Press, 1955), p. 119.

[4]John Updike, Self-Consciousness, Memoirs, (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1989), p. 220.

[5]Edward Robinson, The Language of Mystery, (London: SCM Press LTD, 1987), p. 85.

[6]Roger G. Kennedy, American Churches, (New York, Stewart, Tabori, and Chang, 1982), pp. 26-29.

[7]Updike, op. cit., p. 231.

[8]Henri J. M. Nowen, Behold the Beauty of the Lord, (South Bend, Ave Maria Press, 1987), p. 11.

[9]Rollo May, My Quest for Beauty, (Dallas, New York, San Francisco: Saybrood, 1985), p. 15.

[10]Rollo May, The Courage to Create, (New York: Bantam, 1975), Preface vii.

[11]May, Beauty, p. 137.

[12]Updike, op. cit., p. 226.

[13]May, Beauty, p. 144.

[14]May, Courage, p. 75.

[15]May, Beauty, p. 20.

[16]Robert F. Capon, Hunting the Divine Fox, (San Francisco: Harper and Row, 1974), p. 58.

[17]May, Courage, p. 89.

[18]May, Courage, p. 91.

[19]Madeleine L'Engle, Walking on Water, Reflections on Faith and Art, (Wheaton: Harold Shaw, 1980), p. 163.

[20]Wm. VanDusen Wishard, A Survey of World Trends Shaping the Future Business Environment, paper presented at Cabo San Lucas, Mexico, 1987, p. 25-27.

[21]William Blake, 1757-1927, Songs of Experiences, "The Tiger," stanzas 1, 5.